

# The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE  
The Well-Known Novelist and the  
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Series

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Electric Film Company  
Copyright, 1934, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved

## SYNOPSIS

New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The clue to the criminal is the warning, which is sent to the victims, "a Clutching Hand." The last victim of the mysterious assassin is a woman named Elaine. The insurance president, Mr. Dodge, the insurance company, the famous scientist, detective, to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy discovers is told by his friend, a newspaper man. By an ingenious Clutching Hand, a package of valuable jewels is placed in the apartment of Elaine. But Kennedy arrives in time to prevent the robbery. The detective is mysteriously killed in his apartment. Clutching Hand has placed a shot in Elaine's back. The electrical circuit formed when Kennedy places his hand on a framed photograph of Elaine.

## FIFTH EPISODE

The Poisoned Room.  
Elaine and Craig were much together the next few days. Some-thing, it seemed that the chase of Clutching Hand involved long hours in the Dodge library, and in fact, extended to excursions to the notoriously crime-infested neighborhood of Riverside drive, with a procession of automobiles and go-carts as far north, in a desperate hunt known as the tomb.  
To return to the more serious of the affair.  
Elaine and Elaine had scarcely left the house and descended steps, one afternoon, when a sinister figure appeared in a basement area near by.  
It was the Clutching Hand.  
He wore a telephone inspector's hat and carried a bag slung by a strap over his shoulder. For once he left off his mask, but, in place of a face was covered by a scraggy beard. The disguise was effective.  
He saw Kennedy and Miss Dodge slink unobtrusively against a wall, with his head turned away, whispering and chatting, they passed. When he turned in the other direction, going up the steps of the telephone house, rang the bell.  
"Telephone inspector," he said in a low tone as Michael, in Jennings' room for the afternoon, opened the door.  
He accompanied the words with the sound of a telephone receiver, and Michael admitted him.  
It happened, Aunt Josephine was in Elaine's room. She was sitting at a table on the dressing-table of her idealized niece. Meanwhile, Rusty, the collie, lay, half blind on the floor.  
"Who is this?" she asked, as Michael led the bogus telephone inspector into the room.  
"A man from the telephone company," he answered deferentially.  
Aunt Josephine, unsophisticated, allowed them to enter without a further question.  
Quickly, like a good workman, Clutching Hand went to the telephone instrument and by dint of keeping his ear on the hook and his back to Aunt Josephine succeeded in conveying the illusion that he was examining the instrument.  
No sooner was the door shut than Clutching Hand hastily opened his bag and from it drew a small powdering outfit, such as I have seen used for spraying bug powder. He took out a sort of muzzle with an elastic band on it and slipped it over his head so that the muzzle projected his nose and mouth.  
He seemed to work a sort of pump attachment and from the nozzle of a spraying instrument blew out a cloud of powder which he directed at a wall.  
Meanwhile, Michael, in the hallway, guarded to see that no one bothered Clutching Hand at his work, was overcome by curiosity to see what his master was doing. He opened the door a little bit and gazed stealthily through the crack into the room.  
Clutching Hand was now spraying the rug close to the dressing table of Elaine and was standing near the mirror. He stooped down to examine the rug. Then, as he raised his head, he happened to look into the mirror. In the mirror he could see the full reflection of Michael behind him, gazing into the room.  
"The second!" muttered Clutching Hand, with repressed fury at the discovery.  
He rose quickly and shut off the spraying instrument, stuffing it into his bag. He took a step or two toward the door. Michael drew back, fearfully, pretending now to be on guard.  
Clutching Hand opened the door and, still wearing the muzzle, beckoned to Michael. Michael could scarcely control his fears. But he obeyed, entering Elaine's room after the Clutching Hand, who locked the door.  
"Were you watching me?" demanded the master criminal, with rage.  
Michael, trembling all over, shook his head. For a moment Clutching Hand looked him over disdainfully at the clumsey lie.  
Then he brutally struck Michael in the face, knocking him down. An un-

governable, almost insane fury seemed to possess the man as he stood over the prostrate footman, cursing.  
"Get up!" he ordered.  
Michael obeyed, thoroughly cowed.  
"Take me to the cellar, now," he demanded.  
Michael led the way from the room without a protest, the master criminal following him closely.  
Down into the cellar, by a back way, they went, Clutching Hand still wearing his muzzle and Michael saying not a word.  
Suddenly Clutching Hand turned on him and seized him by the collar.  
"Now, go upstairs, you!" he muttered, shaking him until his teeth fairly chattered, "and if you watch me again—I'll kill you!"  
He thrust Michael away, and the footman, overcome by fear, hurried upstairs. Still trembling and fearful, Michael paused in the hallway.  
He put his hand on his face where the Clutching Hand had struck him. Then he waited, muttering to himself. As he thought it over, anger took the place of fear. He slowly turned in the direction of the cellar.  
Meanwhile, Clutching Hand was standing by the electric meter. He examined it carefully, feeling where the wires entered and left it, and starting to trace them out. At last he came to a point where it seemed suitable to make a connection for some purpose he had in mind.  
Quickly he took some wire from his bag and connected it with the electric light wires. Next, he led these wires, concealed, of course, along the cellar floor, in the direction of the furnace.  
The furnace was one of the old hot air heaters and he paused before it as though seeking something. Then he bent down beside it and uncovered a little tank.  
He thrust his hand gingerly into it, bringing it out quickly. The tank was nearly full of water.  
Next from his capacious bag he took two metal poles, or electrodes, and fastened them carefully to the ends of the wires, placing them at opposite ends of the tank in the water.  
For several moments he watched. The water inside the tank seemed the same as before, only on each electrode there appeared bubbles, on one bubbles of oxygen, on the other of hydrogen. The water was decomposing under the current by electrolysis.  
Another moment he surveyed his work to see that he had left no loose ends. Then he quietly let himself out of the house.  
The next morning Rusty, who had been Elaine's constant companion since the trouble had begun, awakened his mistress by licking her hand as it hung limply over the side of her bed.  
She awakened with a start and put her hand to her head. She felt ill.  
"Poor old fellow," she murmured, half dazedly.  
Rusty moved away again, wagging his tail listlessly. The collie, too, felt ill.  
"Why, Miss Elaine—what does matter? You are so pale!" exclaimed the maid, Marie, as she entered the room a moment later with the morning's mail on a salver.  
"I don't feel well, Marie," she replied, trying with her slender white hand to brush the cobwebs from her brain. "I—I wish you'd tell Aunt Josephine to telephone Doctor Hayward."  
"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marie.  
Languidly Elaine took the letters one by one off the salver.  
Finally she selected one and slowly tore it open. It had no superscription, but it at once arrested her attention and transfixed her with terror.  
It read:  
"You are sick this morning. Tomorrow you will be worse. The next day you will die unless you discharge Craig Kennedy."  
It was signed with the mystic trademark of the fearsome Clutching Hand!  
Elaine drew back into the pillows, horror-stricken.  
Quickly she called to Marie. "Go—get Aunt Josephine—right away!"  
And Marie almost flew down the hall. Elaine seized the telephone and called Kennedy's number.  
Kennedy, in his stained laboratory apron, was at work before his table, while I was watching him with interest, when the telephone rang.  
Without a word he answered the call, and I could see a look of perturbation cross his face. I knew it was from Elaine, but could tell nothing about the nature of the message.  
An instant later he almost tore off the apron and threw on his hat and coat. I followed him as he dashed out of the laboratory.  
"This is terrible—terrible," he muttered, as he hurried across the campus of the university to a taxicab stand.  
A few minutes later, when we arrived at the Dodge mansion, we found Aunt Josephine and Marie doing all they could under the circumstances.

Doctor Hayward had arrived and had just finished taking the patient's pulse and temperature as our cab pulled up.  
Elaine was quite ill indeed.  
"Oh! I'm so glad to see you," she breathed with an air of relief as Kennedy advanced.  
"Why—what is the matter?" asked Craig anxiously.  
Doctor Hayward shook his head dubiously, but Kennedy did not notice him, for, as he approached Elaine, she drew from the covers where she had concealed it a letter and handed it to him.  
Craig took it and read:  
"You are sick this morning. Tomorrow you will be worse. The next day you will die unless you discharge Craig Kennedy."  
At the signature of the Clutching Hand he frowned, then, noticing Doctor Hayward, turned to him and repeated his question, "What is the matter?"  
Doctor Hayward continued shaking his head. "I cannot diagnose her symptoms," he shrugged.  
There seemed to be a faint odor, almost as if of garlic, in the room. It was unmistakable and Craig looked about him curiously, but said nothing.  
As he sniffed, he moved impatiently and his foot touched Rusty under the bed. Rusty whined and moved back lazily. Craig bent over and looked at him.  
"What's the matter with Rusty?" he asked. "Is he sick, too?"  
"Why, yes," answered Elaine, following Craig with her deep eyes.  
Craig reached down and gently pulled the collie out into the room. Rusty crouched down close to the floor. His nose was hot and dry and feverish. He was plainly ill.  
"How long has Rusty been in the room?" asked Craig.  
"All night," answered Elaine. "I wouldn't think of being without him now."  
"May I take Rusty along with me?" Craig asked finally.  
Elaine hesitated. "Surely," she said at length, "only be gentle with him."  
"Of course," he said simply. "I thought that I might be able to discover the trouble from studying him."  
We stayed only a few minutes longer, for Kennedy seemed to realize the necessity of doing something immediately, and even Doctor Hayward was fighting in the dark.  
Back in the laboratory, Kennedy set to work immediately, brushing everything else aside. He began by draw-

"Well," added Craig, "you see Michael has become infuriated by the treatment he receives from the Clutching Hand. I believe he cuffed him in the face yesterday. Anyway, he says he has determined to get even and betray him."  
I did not like the looks of the thing, and said so. "Craig," I objected vehemently, "don't go to meet him. It is a trap."  
Kennedy had evidently considered my objection already.  
"It may be a trap," he replied slowly, "but Elaine is dying and we've got to see this thing through."  
As he spoke, he took an automatic from a drawer of a cabinet and thrust it into his pocket. Then he went to another drawer and took out several sections of thin tubing, which seemed to be made to fasten together as a fishing pole is fastened, but were now separate, as if ready for traveling.  
Then he went out. I followed, still arguing.  
"If you go, I go," I capitulated.  
"That's all there is to it."  
Following the directions that Michael had given over the telephone, Craig led me into one of the toughest parts of the lower West side.  
"Here's the place," he announced, stopping across the street from a dingy Raines law hotel.  
"Pretty tough," I objected. "Are you sure?"  
"Quite," replied Kennedy, consulting his notebook again.  
Reluctantly I followed and we entered the place.  
"I want a room," asked Craig as we were accosted by the proprietor, comfortably clad in a loud checked suit and striped shirt sleeves. "I had one here once before—forty-nine, I think."  
"Fifty—" I began to correct.  
Kennedy trod hard on my toes.  
"Yes, forty-nine," he repeated.  
The proprietor called a stout negro porter, waiter and bell-hop all combined in one, who led us upstairs.  
"Forty-nine, sah," he pointed out, as Kennedy dropped a dime into his ready palm.  
The negro left us, and as Craig started to enter, I objected. "But, Craig, it was fifty-nine, not forty-nine. This is the wrong room."  
"I know it," he replied. "I had it written in the book. But I want forty-nine—now. Just follow me, Walter."  
Nervously I followed him into the room.  
"Don't you understand?" he went on. "Room forty-nine is probably just



BY MARGARET MASON  
(Written for the United Press)

"Do my trousers hang straight dear?" That's the latest cry. You will hear these springlike days. As the girls flock by. For they all are wearing 'em. It's the latest hobby. Father's pants will now fit Sue Just as well as Bobby.

NEW YORK, March 13.—At last the pantalolet, trouserette, or what you will, after casting its shadow before and behind, is really and truly now not only with us, but on us.

Made out of regulation suiting of black and white check, p'n stripes and mixtures veritable trousers, creased, pressed and fashioned after the manner of a mere male's, are the most approved and swaggar accompaniments to the new tailor made lounge or sack suits offered for the ladies.

Oh, yes, of course, it is true there is a skirt, too, that hangs down nearly to the ankle, and leaves but a scant three inches at the most of trouser leg exposed to the vulgar gaze.

Still the mere fact that she is conscious of her trousers, even if it is a sort of subconsciousness, helps a lot to tend toward the emancipation of the sex, and make them feel like regular fellows. Surely the freedom afforded will enable them to take a long step toward the vote.

And smart little sack coats of plain black or dark suiting, their lapels bound in braid, are the fitting finishes to those sassy little suits. Top them with one of the new narrow brimmed straw sailors, and at first glance you will never be able to tell whether it's Fredrica or Frederick out for a toddle on the avenue.

The chiffon and lace pantalolets that have struggled so long for a leg to stand on are now also firmly ensconced in favor and on neither limbs. The ermine and full ruffy skirts of the moment have given them their great opportunity, and they are mak-

ing the most of it. These dainty confections are the truly feminine versions of the trousers, at least, they were, now that the males are due to don sliken trousers themselves, however, who can say.

Since this sliken mandate of the tailors' association has gone forth there seems nothing to it but to prepare to listen for Hector's sliken stride and the frou-frou of Ferdinand's footsteps. So far, the showing of these sliken suits for the men have been confined to the sort of Palm Beach effects and summer suits of natural lured shantung and pongee. Suits of purest white silk are also shown, and goodness knows the sliken lengths they'll go before the season is over. After all, why bar the sterner sex from silk. They certainly have as much right to don paties of charmeuse or crepe de chine as the dear girls have to attain to trouser legs of tailored suiting.

Striking new tailored blouses made of men's shirting in wide stripes of white and any color, blue, green, lavender or yellow, are among the newest waist offerings. They are severely plain, with small turn tab collars of white pique and turn back soft cuffs of the same. Plain colored linen waists on the same order are also good, and come in watermelon pink, sand, Belgian blue, dresden gray and grass green. Linen promises to have a revival this summer, and stunning linen frocks are evolved in combination with heavy embroideries, which outline the pockets and boleros of their up-to-dateness.

Gatop bags are among the novelties of the season. They are a sensible as well as an attractive fashion, preventing absolutely, as they do, the possibility of one's bag flopping open of its own accord or with a little per-

(Continued on page 4)

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### "A Hymn"

By E. C. RICHARDS, Pastor Grace Methodist Episcopal Church

A HYMN  
In the cross of Christ I glory.  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers 'round its head sublime.  
When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more luster to the day.  
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.  
In the cross of Christ I glory.  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers 'round its head sublime.  
—Sir John Bowring.

raised to its pinnacle by the impulsion of the inner life of the nation. The judgments of men may fall; nations may break the commandments; purity may be stained; reason may topple from her throne, but down in the human heart lies low the flame of life, some day to flash out with uncontrollable fire to lighten the world and to purify the dross of life. Hellenism tried to find its comfort in clear thought and the carrying of this life over into another sphere; Christianity demands a new creation and a new immortal life. Greek philosophy was a selfish supremacy of clear skies and sunlight, but withdrawn from earthly strife and with no hope that the common herd could ever attain to it. But the cross, high fixed, stands not alone but flings its glory down to deepest shadows and, driving out the miasma of sin brings, through struggle, the soul of the common and the lost up to itself. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," said He who glorified the cross. No wonder the hymn writers are drawn from every class. No wonder they stir every kind of human heart. No wonder something within the breast leaps unbidden when the songs of men sing of the cross.  
Dear heart, hast thou a cross? Hast thou a song? Hast thou a life within? Art thou human? Art thou God-imaged? Hast thou life? Hast thou eternal life? Hast thou the glory of the cross? All these are for our human life. "Towering o'er the wrecks of time" stands the cross. No matter how other lives may have bruised thine own; no matter how disease and sin may have sought thee; no matter how deep the shadows or how terrible the storm within; no matter how dead the heart—for thee towers the cross, towers and shines and warms and enlivens, and transforms and renews and cleanses and empowers and glorifies.  
"All the lights of sacred story Gather 'round its head sublime," and makes life greater than criticism, hatred, greed, baseness, slavery, weakness, sin.  
"Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide,"  
Hail that to the cross, the cross, the cross.



Craig Reached Down and Gently Pulled the Collie into the Room.

ing off a little of Rusty's blood in a tube, very carefully.  
"Here, Walter," he said, pointing to the little incision he had made, "will you take care of him?"  
Quickly Craig made one test after another.  
As he did so I sniffed. There was an unmistakable odor of garlic in the air which made me think of what I had already noticed in Elaine's room.  
"Arsenured hydrogen," he answered, still engaged in verifying his tests. "This is the Marsh test for arsenic."  
"Arsenic!" I repeated, in horror.  
I had scarcely recovered from the surprise of Kennedy's startling revelation when the telephone rang again. Kennedy seized the receiver, thinking evidently that the message might be from or about Elaine.  
But from the look on his face and from his manner, I could gather that, although it was not from Elaine herself, it was about something that interested him greatly.  
"Good!" I heard him say finally. "I shall keep the appointment—absolutely."  
"What was it?" I asked, eagerly.  
"It was Elaine's footman, Michael," he replied, thoughtfully. "As I suspected, he says that he is a confederate of the Clutching Hand, and if we will protect him he will tell us the trouble with Elaine."  
I considered a moment. "How's that?" I queried.

the same as fifty-nine, except perhaps the pictures and furniture, only it is on the floor below."  
He gazed about keenly. Then he took a few steps to the window and threw it open. As he stood there he took the parts of the rods he had been carrying and fitted them together until he had a pole some eight or ten feet long. At one end was a curious arrangement that seemed to contain lenses and a mirror. At the other end was an eye-piece, as nearly as I could make out.  
"What is that?" I asked as he completed his work.  
"That? That is an instrument something on the order of a miniature periscope," Craig replied, still at work.  
(Continued Monday)

A recent booklet of hymn studies says: "Among the hymn writers represented in our Sunday School Hymnal are to be found a shoemaker, a prisoner in bondage, an editor, several bishops, a cardinal, a converted slave trader, a lawyer, a blind woman, a student and a college professor. None, however, bore greater distinction or won higher glory in the public life of a statesman than did Sir John Bowring. In spite of all these great earthly successes and in spite of the fact that he was a Unitarian, he humbled himself before the cross of Jesus Christ and uttered his faith in the striking word-picture of this hymn.  
"So does the word of God and the presence of the living shine in humanity's heart without respect of station in life or previous condition of life, and out of every plane inspires song for the betterment of men. Faith towers above disappointment, failure, wreckage and vic-

## Landscape Gardening Pruning and Spraying

Chicken house Sprayed or White-washed. Chimneys cleaned, and general garden work done.

## R. R. Roberts

Leave orders at West End Grocery or Roberts & Whitmore.

## OUR FINISH ON SHIRTS

Cannot be surpassed. Our shirts are handled with the greatest skill and care. We call for all bundles, rough dry or finished.

## KLAMATH FALLS STEAM LAUNDRY

## Freight & Baggage Hauled

Prompt attention to Phone Orders.  
O. K. TRANSFER COMPANY  
Phone 87. Office on 6th st.

## DRUGS

Whether it is a face cream or the most difficult prescription, you will get just what you ask for at the

## Star Drug Company, Inc.

"Where Accuracy is a Habit"  
AT 401 MAIN  
Our phone always working, 281

## Light Housekeeping Rooms

That are comfortable and home-like, at very reasonable rates.  
HOUSTON HOTEL  
Close to Postoffice

## Outside People!

ATTENTION!  
Tell us about your second-hand goods for sale. Best prices.

## Harrison & Matt

Our store is on Klamath Ave. and Sixth street

## THINK!

What it means to you is have Fresh Vegetables and Fruits ready for you. We deliver them to you.

## Slive Grocery

Phone 48 541 and 542

## REAL ESTATE

We have a number of first-class, second-hand houses which we will sell cheap. See us at once.

## TELFORD & SON

## Watches

Beautiful Novelties in JEWELRY, WATCHES, CHAINS, RINGS.  
Optical Goods Department Come and See Us.

## REMEMBER THE STEAMER

ONE Main Street

Townsend Place—Furnishings, stoves, etc. Phone 242, 243, 244, 245.